An Ocean of Teares,

OR,

A world of Sorrowes.

AWake my Muse, Melpomene *the sadd,*
For now from thee, much sorrow must be had,
Lowd gusts of sighes, *and plenteous showres of* Teares,
With Vlulations to affright the Eares
Of all good Subiects; *for the newes is spread,*
That the Thrice-Noble HAMMLETON *is dead.*

Thou cruell *Death*, what art thou? I ne're feard
Thy horrid semblance, though thou hadst appeard
In thy most vgly shape, dreadfull to see,
Thy grimme asspect had not affrighted me.
I haue against thee, *Armour*, a strong *Heart*,
And confidence against thy potent *Dart*,
A Shirt of Mayle, I haue about me, why?
Those that desire to meete thee dost thou flye,
And such as striue t'evade thee, still pursue?
Tis an old Addage I haue found it true,
„ Such as oppose thy fury thou still spareſt,
„ Oh! but against the *Timerous* all things dareſt.

Bibl. 46-9-4-609

11626. d. 44

An Ocean of Teares,

OR

A world of Sorrowes.

AWake my Muſe, Melpomene the ſadd,
For now from thee much ſorrow muſt be had,
Lowd guſts of ſighes, and plenteous ſhowres of Teares,
With Vlulations to affright the Eares
Of all good Subiects; for the newes is ſpread,
That the Thrice-Noble HAMLETON *is dead.*

Thou cruell *Death*, what art thou? I ne're feard
Thy horrid ſemblance, though thou hadſt appear'd
In thy moſt vgly ſhape, dreadfull to ſee,
Thy grimme aſſpect had not affrighted me.
I haue againſt thee, *Armour*, a ſtrong *Heart*,
And confidence againſt thy potent *Dart*,
A Shirt of Mayle, I haue about me, why
Thoſe that deſire to meete thee doſt thou flye,
And ſuch as ſtriue t'evade thee, ſtill purſue?
Tis an old Addage I haue found it true,
„ Such as oppoſe thy fury thou ſtill ſpareſt,
„ Oh! but againſt the *Timerous* all things dareſt.

British Museum 46-9-4-609

A

Yet was this Lord *no such, but brauely bold,*
Most worthy for his Valour, *to be Inrould*
Amongst the Ancient Heroes, *and his Name*
Through the world, *sounded by the mouth of* Fame.
Whose most accomplisht Vertues *should haue wronge*
To be proclaim'd by a lesse Luciferous tounge.
Sure 'twas no Challenge *betwixt* Death *and* Him,
For had they met together at the brimme
Of th' Ocean, *and there tugg'd: Where to be found*
Was not so much, as call this Sea, *this* Ground.
So euen a distance t'wixt them; yet, euen there,
To Encounter him, *this* Worthy *did not feare;*
Had it beene on some Pinacle; *and alone,*
To striue for Maistry; although Ten to one
Against his strength, where th'one could but Hold fast,
And the other must of force be headlong cast:
Euen there I durst haue Trusted *Him,* still hye,
VVhilst *Deathes* bare bones, on the cold *Earth* must lye:
So great his Spirit *was: His* Vertues *such*
As Callumny, or Scandall could not touch;
Hauing in Him such Amplitude of minde,
That had not the base Coward stole behinde,
When he was at his Orisons, *in Zeale*
Towards his God, or studying for the Weale

And

And State affaires, which in His life time grac'd Him,
This Foe to all Man kind durſt not haue fac'd Him.
And though ſterne *Death* has born away this Prize
VVhoſe worth the poore *World* ſcarſe can equalize
Yet ſhall He liue, although depriude of breath,
Saincted in *Heauen*, and crowned on *Earth*.
Moſt Sacred be thy memory, *outwaſting*
All Genealogies: *and Euer-laſting*,
Whileſt there be Elements, Starre, Orbe, *or* Spheare,
Dayes, Sunne, *or* Nights, Moone, *to direct the Yeare*:
Whilſt there be ſeaſons nam'd; Autumne *or* Spring;
Ought being, or, what may be calld a thing:
Nor is He *dead, let that our Comfort be,*
Death's *like the* Baſiliske, *if he firſt ſee,*
The Obiect *periſheth: but being eſpide,*
Falls: He *ſaw* Death *firſt, Kilid* Him; *ſo* Death *Dyde*,
And He ſtill liues in Glory, why ſhould then
Teares, Sighes, *or the leaſt Griefe afflict vs, when*
All are moſt Confident, He *is now poſſeſt*
Of what we yet but ayme at, Heauenly reſt:
Or if you needs will his ſad Death Deplore,
Know, no Laments, Can Him *thats dead reſtore.*

Supprime iam Lacrymas non eſt reuocabilis iſtis
Quem ſemel vmbrifera, Nauita vintre tulit,
Nam Rigidum Ius eſt, & Ineuitabile Mortis.

Yet what is he that can a Sonne *perswade*
From Teares, when he beholds his Father *layd*
In his cold Sepulchre: or a Mother *drye*
Her moistned Cheekes, and instantly apply
Her selfe to laughter; when before her face
She breathlesse sees, the Hope of all her Race?
But though mankind Contend aboue their force,
Teares still will finde their vent, and Griefe his course.
Since life then so uncertaine is and fraile,
That like unskilfull Mariners *we saile*
Through unknowne Seas: and quick-Sands every where,
Shallowes and Rockes, and know not how to steare
A desperate Course, ere we in Peeces *shake*
Our Crazed Bottoms; This short Counsell take,
Twixt Hope, Care, Feare and Passion which thou hast,
Thinke every Howre before thee is thy last.
So by this meanes for all thy after deeds,
Th'art bound vnto each Minute that succeeds,
All sublinary things, their beings owe,
To future Ruine; nothing said to grow
But being once ripe to fall: when we beginne
Once to be tainted with Originall sinne,
The very first Howre of our earthly liefe,
Doth take an Howre off, from our future life.

Læta sit ista dies nescitur origo secundi
An labor, an requies, *sic transit gloria Mundi.*
And Wisdome *saith, The Worlds* felicitie,
Truely examin'd is but Vanitie.

It is most true, this age is vaine and strange,
Time comes by turnes with vnexpected change:
Behold Great men of fame and Rich renowne,
Death in their highest vigour, Pulls them Downe.
Then what are we? but fooles of selfe-Conceite,
All what we haue, stands in a staggering state.
We weeping come into this world of Cares,
Scarse is our Prime, when wintring *Age* declares
What weightie griefe, our body doth oppresse
When all our life's but battels of distresse,
Bred with sinne, borne with woe, our life is paine
Which still attends vs to our *Graue* againe,
Then Earthly slime, wherein consists thy pride?
In that faire Bed of wormes where thou must bide?
Oh! know that Glory goes into the ground,
That thy faire face most filthy shall be found.
Our Sunne-shine ioyes, *Time* swiftly sweepes away
This night we liue, and dye before the day.
What's Gentry *then! What's* Nobleſſe. Greatneſſe
The Ciuill *Purple, or the* Clergy *Hatt?* (*what?*

The Coronet, *or* Miter; *Nay the* Crowne
Imperiall? *What is* Potencie, Renowne?
Ouations, Triumph, *or the* Conquering Bayes,
VVisdome *or* Wealth? *Can these add to thy* Dayes
A Minute? No, a suddaine chance will fall,
Which from thy Mirth will thee to Mourning call.
Inquire of Roman Brutus *surnam'd* Iust,
Or Salomon *the Wise, they both are Dust:*
Learned Aristotle, Plato *the Diuine,*
Frō *Earth* They came, & *Earth*, they now are thine.
VVhere are the VVorthyes? *where the* Rich, *or* Faire?
VVhere now the Poore, *or the* Deformed *are?*
Differing in Life, *in* Death *they are the same,*
And though vnequall Tombes, *haue equall* Fame.
VVhat attributes may we to Homer *giue,*
And other Poets; *by whom all These liue:*
VVho as their Putred flesh is long since rotten;
So in their obscure Graues had lyen forgotten
Like common men: Had not their Muse *high flying,*
Kept both these VVorthyes, *& thēselues from dying.*
VVe see the *Conquerors* with the *Captaines* spread,
And lodgde in *Earth*, as in the common bedd.
The All-commanding *Generall* hath no spanne
Of *Earth* allowde, more then the common man.

Folly *with* VViſdome *hath an equall ſhare,*
The Faire *and* Fowle, *alike Entombed are.*
This is of all Mortalitie the end,
Thirſites *with* Næreus *dares contend:*
And with Achilles, *he hath equall place,*
That liuing durſt not looke him in the face.
The Seruant with his Maſter, and the Maide
VVith her proud Miſtreſſe, both their heads are layde
Vpon an equall Pillow. Subiects keepe
Like Courts with Kings: *I, and as ſoftly ſleepe,*
Reſting their heades vpon a Turfe of Graſſe,
As they on Marble, *or on figured* Braſſe:
Blind Homer *in the Graue lyes doubly darke,*
Againſt him now baſe Zoylus *dares not barke.*
Be this then no ſmall comfort vnto you,
King, Prince, and the Nobilitie, that knew
This *Great-mans* worth, his *Wiſdome, Valour, Pietie,*
Zeale to the ſacred *Trine*, the Vnite *Deitie*:
For though his body be confinde to duſt,
His Soule ſtill liues amongſt the beſt. The *Iuſt*
Before remembred, with the Valiant, Wiſe, —
And ſuch as ſtroue all goodneſſe to Compriſe.
He was poſſeſt of much, and in full meaſure,
Did in his Boſome Thouſand Vertues Treaſure,

Which on this Earth hee did but put to Loane,
Glories *for Vertues, he hath ten to one.*
Being like an Orenge tree, on which was seene
Still fruit though gather'd, yet some likewise greene.
Nor let such as Lament him, blame the Fates,
Be they the Commons, Gentry, *or the* States,
That want his Noble wisdome to assist
In Counsels, by which Common-weales exist;
~~*And haue their flourishing being, blaming* Time.~~
~~*That snatch from them a Father, in his prime;*~~
~~*Rarely compleate: For let all men knowe,*~~
He onely payd a debt which He did owe
To God and Nature: Nor can frailtie, sinne
Transgresse those limits weare bounded in.
He's free from *Care*, with which this Earth is fraught,
And Pale-fac't *Death* hath *Life* vnto him brought.
This sure He *knew full well, or else more feare*
Would haue possest him, when as Death *did teare,*
His Soule out of his Pious *holy breast*
But He *did know it was the way to rest.*
Ills that with *Wisdomes* eye we doe foresee,
We doe much feare when they approaching be.
The Man that surely knowes the theefe *will come*
Doth fortifie the dores to euery roome.

And

And thus with Weapons, *and with* Wals *made strong,*
Feares not the Thiefe, *cause him he cannot wrong.*
Thus it did fare with him, Hee *was prepar'd*
For comming Death, *and therefore was not fear'd:*
Hee *was no whit afrayd, for hee did know,*
Death *could not* wound, *but* cure *him with his blow.*
Hee did with faithfull Eyes *his* Name *behold,*
Which was in the blest Booke of Life *inrold;*
And then his Contemplation *higher flying,*
He fear'd not Death, *nor was afrayd of* Dying:
No more then is the Prisoner *strongly guarded,*
That hopes with Freedome *to be soone rewarded.*
So was it with his Soule, *when* Death *drew neere,*
It rather filled was with Ioy, *then* Feare.
Not one whit loath her Prison *to forsake,*
Her flight to Heauen, *vnto her* God *did take.*
For as the Stone *doth to the* Center *hast,*
Or as the Hare *doth ioy when* Hounds *be past,*
Or as the Eagles *to the* Corps *doe flye:*
So did his Soule *to* God, *when hee did dye.*
Death *seem'd not gastly to his* Ghostly Spright,
Cause while hee liu'd, he did in Death *delight.*
The stroke and strength of Death *he often try'd,*
For in his Holy Life *hee daily dy'd.*

He likewiſe knew that Death was but a droane,
Becauſe he ſaw the ſting of it was gone.
His *Faith's* eye ſaw One, hanging on a *Tree,*
By whoſe great power *Death* ſeemed dead to bee.
He knew *Chriſt* ſo, *Death* by his death did mend.
He made it his laſt *Foe,* and his firſt *Friend.*
For as Phyſitians *poyſonous Vipers beat,*
Till they their Venome voyd, then healthfull meat
Doe of the fleſh compoſe: ſo thou oh Lord,
Doſt to thy ſacred Saints, *this bliſſe afford,*
That griſly Death *ſhould not cauſe ſad annoy,*
Vnto thy Members, *but bring heau'nly Joy.*
For when his *Soule,* had this *Earths* lumpe forſooke
It, by the ſwift wing'd Poſts of Heauen, is tooke,
Chriſts All-delightfull preſence to behold,
Which euer liues, and yet is neuer old.
This made him like a patient *Lambe* to lye,
And breath forth nought but bliſs, when he did dye.
And when from ſight of Earth, *his* Lights *ſhut were,*
The bleſſed Land *did to's* Soule's *eyes appeare.*
When Death *cloſing his lips forbade to ſpeake,*
In ſilence He *his minde to God did breake.*
And when Death *had extinguiſht* Natures *fire,*
His Soule *was free, and had her bleſt deſire.*

For as *Saint Chrisostome* saith, That the ende of the *Labourer* is sweet, when he resteth from his *Labours*. So, the *wearied Trauceller*, longeth for his Nights lodging, and the *Storme-beaten Ship* seeketh vp for Shore. The *Hireling* oft questioneth when his yeare will finish and come out. The *Woman great with Child* will often muse and study vpon her deliuery: Euen so, doth he that perfectly knowes that his *Death* is but a way to *Liue*, And Hee that considers truely how that this *Transitorie Life* is but as a swift Post to *Death*: Like an *Impetuous Riuer* which hasteth to the Sea (for so doe we, which are *Earth*, speedily returne to *Earth*) will sit on the Dore Threshold, with the *poore Prisoner*, who greedily expecting when the *Gaoler* shall open the Dore: euery small motion makes him hope, that *Death* is approaching to deliuer him out of paine and Misery, in taking him from this *valley of Teares*. He lookes for *Death* without feare, and desires it with affection, and expecting it with great *Deuotion*, beholdeth the last part of his sore afflicting *Life* in this *World*. His gesture and end thirle the beholders Eyes with sad compassion; His words of woe, seasoned with sighes, doth bath the Cheekes of the Hearers with still distilling *Teares*: with weeping eyes hee calls for helpe of *Prayer*, and like a *Hunger-starued Beggar*, hee howles and cries to that *All-Incomprehensible Housholder*. Saying:

O *My God (All-Iust, yet All-Mercifull) Open the Gates of thine Infinite Mercie to the greatnesse of my Miseries: Cast vp the Ports of thy vnspeakable Pittie, to my wearied Spirit; Receiue my Soule into thy hands, and annoint her Festred wounds, with the Bloud of thy Immaculate Lambe*, Christ Iesus. *Amen.*

Mans life's a Goale, *one* Death *th'end of that* Race,
But thousand by-paths lead vnto the place, (*come,*
*From th'*East, *the* West, *the* South, *the* North, *all,*
Some slowe, some swift pad'd to this Generall doome.
These by the VVarres *fall, these the* Seas *deuoure:*
Certaine is Death, *vncertaine most the howre.*
Some dye of Ioy, *others with* Griefe *expire,*
Beneath cold Artos *some, others by* Fire,
The Torrid Zone *casts, forcing them to indure*
The mad Infection, call'd the Callenture.
Some the Spring *challengeth, and some the* Fall,
VVinter *and* Summer *others: but* Death *all.*
Diseases *infinite haunt man alone,*
Cold Aches, Feauers, *the* Apoplex, *the* Stone,
The VVinde, *the* Gowt, *the* Crampe, *the* Dropsie:
Palsies, *and* Aches *on our Bodies ceaze.* (*these,*
But Surfets *most, which as* Physicians *say,*
Haue in the World, of Men *been more decay,*
Then (if I may take a great Artists *word)*
Haue dyed by Plague, *by* Famine, *or the* Sword.
This Heauen *permits, and how may then poore man*
Contest against it, none so weake but can
Take from his owne and others sundry wayes,
But yet not adde one Minute to their dayes.

Hee

He fell by no such Riots *or* Excesse,
But was Abstinious, *one that did professe*
A moderate Diet, with such Temperature,
As almost might Health *with long life assure.*

Hoc Momentum vnde pendet Æternitas.

This little Moment of our life is the short space, whereon dependeth all Eternitie of *Eternall ioyes*, or else *Eternall paines*. When we rise in the Morning what know we the chance that will befall vs before night. And if we escape the Dayes perill, what will happen before the Morning. Therefore when we goe to Bedd, wee should remember how that it is the very Image of our Graues; the *Triumph, State* and *Traine* of a *Great man* is parted, the Day being gone; and the Night come all His rioting and banqueting is finished, and He in a Solitarie Retreat, puts off his Gorgeous Apparell, and strips himselfe naked to his shirt: So the pleasure of this Inconstant world shall passe, The Mightiest and richest of this World shall be stripp'd naked of all his Glories, Vanities and Riches. He shall carrie nothing with him but a simple Winding-sheete, more then the poorest and abiect fellow. This must be,

Vt Hora sic fugiat Vita.

If we haue beene wickedly inclin'de, Let vs (with the depth of our Hearts *Repent*, and thinke how the *Axe is layd to the Roote of the Tree*; When with an vnfained remorse, our Hearts shrills within vs, with angry griefe against our selues, then we may be assured that the Spirit of God workes in vs: it is a signe of true *Repentance*, when the Sinner (without Hypocrisie) mends his wicked life, making first satisfaction to his *Creator*, by Fasting and Praying; Restitution to his Neighbour, in giuing to the Poore for *Christs* cause, Visiting the Sick, comforting & helping the afflicted Prisoner, giuing Hospitality and countenance to the Distressed Stranger. For, in the poorest wretch and most miserable Creature, the Highest and most Fortunate, doth see himselfe and his Humanitie, perfectly as in a true Glasse. Thus, our Mercy shall giue vs securitie of our Soules health, our Charitie and Almes will meet vs, and make our Ende most happy.

For whats on Earth *Perdurable? If Fame,*
Honour, Reuenewe, if Charitie, good Name,
Grace, Fauour, Merit, (for in him was lost
Nothing of which Mortalitie *can boast*)
If any one of these, or All, could haue
Reprieu'd this Worthy, *from a time-lesse Graue:*
He that's falne thus lowe, still high had stood,
Since all Perfections did inrich his Blood.
Vnto what Key shall I my dull Muse *raise,*
To Commend Him, *that farre exceeds all Praise.*

What

What if but onely ſtriue at, had if done,
I ſhould but light a Taper *'fore the* Sunne,
Burning a Lampe at midday, and ſtill owe
The Dead, *but ſpeaking that which all men know.*
Thus then to Immortalitie, to reſt,
To that High place prepared for the Bleſt,
Before the Firſt of Daies, *thy Glorious* Soule
I doe bequeathe (*there amongſt* Saints *to Inrowle*)
Thy Memory *in this Regenerate Birth,*
And what from Earth, firſt came againe to Earth.
Thus breaking off my Numbers dull and rude,
I with the Noble Satyriſt *conclude,*

——— Mors ſola fatetur,
Quantula ſunt hominum, Corpuſcula.

To His Bleſt Ghoſt.

THy *Honour* Great, to *Vertue* gaue a Crowne,
Thy ſtately *Name* inthron'd thy rich *Renowne*
In *Enuies* ſpight thy ſpotleſſe *Faith* did ſhine,
And *Deaths* Triumph, hath made thy *Soule* Diuine.
Fate kil'd thy Mortall *Corps*, but not thy *Name*,
VVho liues borne vp by *Honor*, *Faith*, and *Fame*,
Is Immortall, thy worth can neuer dye,
But ſhall ſuruiue to all *Eternitie*

T'Is not too late to offer at thy *Tombe*,
Norout of Season, can true *Sorrow* come:
I should before haue payd the *Teares* I owe,
VVhich haue beene more in *Essence* then in show,
But this my woofull *Pen* could noe agree
Iust with the *Time*, that *Brittain* wept for thee.
Let such as only Mourne for fashion; Keepe
Strictly their seasons, that are hyn'd to weepe,
At *Great Mens* Funerals, whose hopes or feares,
Draw from their *Eyes*, not *Hearts*; Officious Teares.
My Sorrow is for *Vertue*, which I'le weare
As c[illegible] the *Cause* is deare.
And thinke my *Muse* better bestowed on thee,
Then vpon Septred vice; For all may see,
That [illegible] sighted, thy Illustrious *Name*,
By thy [illegible]ings Truely is the same,
And equals at the least, if not preceade,
The matchlesse Vertues of the *Heroes* dead:
Ioyn'd in their seuerall Worths, and what we finde
Scattred in Others, is in Thee Combin'd,
VVhich in thy Story, Power shall not preuent,
Nor *Time* deuoure, But this sadd *Monument*
That couers *Thee*, in deare account shall passe
Mausolean Marble, or All-during Brasse.

FINIS.